The Bystander, November 1, 1916.—No. 674. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Mrs. Albert Broom*

TWO BROTHERS OF THE QUEEN

The Duke of Teck (Assistant Military Secretary at the War Office) (on the left of the picture) and Prince Alexander of Teck (on the right). The officer standing between them is Major E. P. Brassey

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

The Net Result

November opens on a note of interrogation. The promise of October that it would bring to a triumphant close the summer operations on the West has not been fulfilled. Bapaume and Peronne remain in enemy hands. The daily casualty lists have not shown appreciable falling off in numbers from the days of "continuous progress." "Down South," the advance on Monastir, which thrilled us all at the beginning of October, seems—for the moment, one supposes—to have come to a standstill. The Italians seem satisfied to remain much about where they were in the Carso, and the Russians from Riga to Czernowitz. The great campaign of 1916, in the success of which the nation invested so large a part of its man power, has been a local success only—and an immensely costly one at that.

Why the Somme?

In due course the nation will doubtless be enlightened as to why, precisely, the Somme was selected for the decisive push. Results do not suggest that it had any special advantages over any other part of the line. With the same expenditure of men and shells and strategic and tactical skill more spectacular success might have been achieved in Flanders or Artois, with Ostend and Ghent or Lille as its prize.

Zeebrugge Undealt With

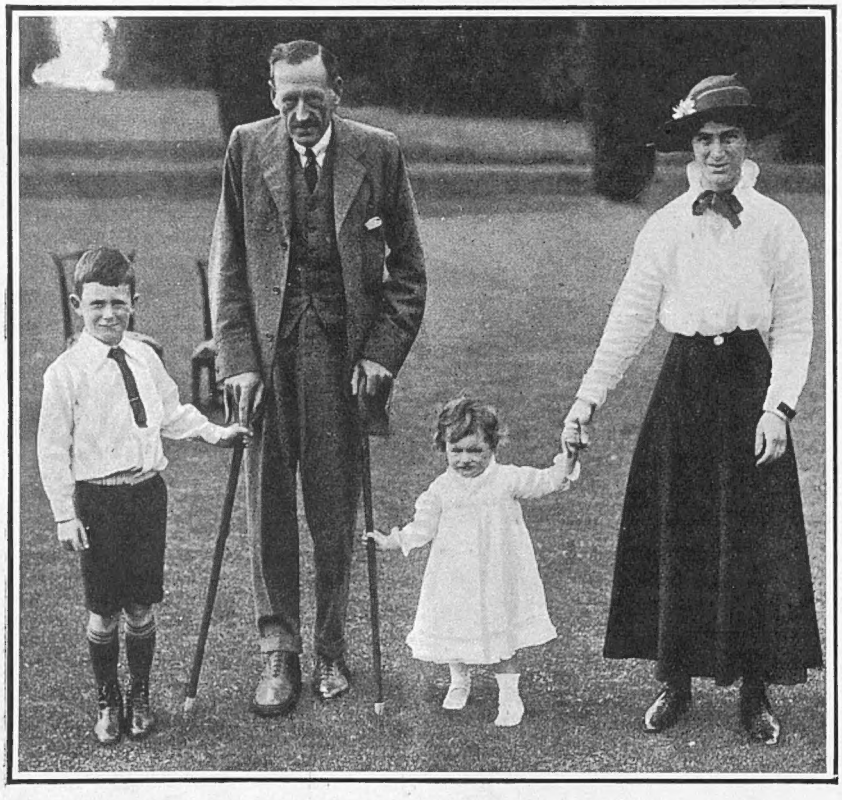
One advantage which a push in Flanders might have given us in particular over the Somme would have been sensibly to reduce the peril to our coasts and waterways from Zeebrugge. Why, one dares to wonder, has a combined land and sea attack never been made in the direction of that German naval base? And why are we subject to such raids as that of last Saturday under our very noses?

Les Braves Belges

The Belgian forces, too, which have been inactive now for so very long, must be only too anxious to get to work and do something definite to help win the war which we entered on their behalf for the independence of their country. Ostend, Ghent, and Bruges would prove a tremendous magnet for their well-known gallantry.

Give the Navy a Chance

May it be suggested that the War Council, having tried one set of ideas and found them only moderately successful, should start the New Year with another, even if in order to provide them it has to consult another set of brains? 1916 has been a year in which the purely military counsels have been in the ascendant. How about giving the Navy and the Business Man a chance in 1917? There may be other ways of winning the war than sanguinary pushes against steel walls in the French centre.



THE MAN WHO "MADE GOOD"

Lieut.-Col. J. F. Elkington, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, reinstated for the most gallant service with the French "Foreign Legion" in the rank which he had lost, has just been further honoured by the King, who has conferred upon him the Distinguished Service Order

Better Men at the Top

The writer in the *Observer*—who is actually suggested by some papers to *be* Mr. Winston Churchill, though I merely detected a "Winstonian atmosphere"—cheers us all up again by concluding, after careful analysis, that Germany is quite as well prepared as anybody else to carry through in finance and economics, and, at a pinch, in food also. He does not think the war is going to be won by the blockade, nor does he see any special reason to believe that "the military means at our disposal are at present adequate to give hope of decisive victory." Obviously he demands "more men," but he

seems to think that it is men at the top as well as in the ranks that are wanted.

Men Are Not Vegetables—

My own belief is that the present Coalition has "done its bit"—moderately well—and should *go*. Many of its members, particularly at the head, have been at their jobs longer than is good for them or for the country. They lack freshness and enterprise and resource. They are "fed-up"—as, in fact, is the country with them. "Men" are, after all, not a vegetable or a mineral commodity, which can just be dug out and thrown on to heaps or into barrows. Men are conscious, self-controlled beings, whose possession of the qualities of men and not of turnips is the test of their value as soldiers. The collection of men, over and above such as have been gathered in under the Service Acts, requires more than further Acts. If it is in the fighting line rather than in munition shops, mines, on the land, or in Departments or reserved industries that *men* are wanted, then *men* ought to be shown the reason why.

—And Not All Fools

Very few *men* will remain in one class of national occupation if it is made clear to them that they ought to be in another. If four months of heavy expenditure of men on the Somme has only yielded a local military success that leaves the Germans sufficiently unshaken to be able to send a huge army to overthrow Rumania, men are apt to ask whether the right men in authority are taking the right decisions as to the use of the men they already have, and before securing possession of another vast number they ought to be good enough to state their general reasons.

THE DOUAUMONT DÉNOUEMENT

CROWN PRINCE: "Oh, I say, you know! It really is absolutely rotten you fellers bein' back in Douaumont! You really are the limit! Why, I wanted to be *remembered in history* in connection with that!"

GENERAL JOFFRE: "Oh, there's no fear of *you* being forgotten, young man; why, there are all the German cemeteries, *là-bas*, to remind the world of *you!*"

England Wants the Facts

In short, what the country wants is, somehow and by some means, a plain statement of the whole military policy of the Government for next year. No need to shout it from the house-tops. Let us do as the French do, and as the Germans do—have the matter explained to a representative committee of responsible men. Satisfy the leaders of men that the next levies of men are going to be led to victory and triumphant peace. There has been enough hole-and-corner secrecy and "take it for granted." England wants the facts, and if there is a reason why Australia does not seem to be voting for conscription, it is probably because Australia is even more in the dark as to those facts than we are.

Actuated by Actualities

We are glad to hear that THE BYSTANDER is receiving the careful regular attention of General Smith-Dorrien, lest it at times fall in its theatrical and fashion pages below the level of full-dress propriety. We might point out to the General, apropos some comments he is reported to have made, that THE BYSTANDER merely reproduces actualities. It does not design the dresses which, as depicted by the fashion artist, are too brief for the Smithian sense of Dorriency, nor are we the authors of the lively plays which Mr. Norman Morrow sketches realistically from lurid life. If the General succeeds in improving the feminine and theatrical standard in dress and decorum, lo and behold! THE BYSTANDER will reflect the new condition of affairs, and become itself consistently decorous—dull, too, perhaps, from the standpoint of Absent Youth; but, as Bill says in "Bairnsfatherland," "it's all for King and Country."

(Continued on page 225)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Mack-in-the-Box

The Fall of Constanza was the most unpleasant shock that has been administered to our serenity this year. It revealed that Mackensen, whom we had been dutifully writing off as a back-number, was still at the top of his form. He has a style of his own, to which it would be quite worth our while, by now, to have got accustomed.

A Man of Surprises—

He proceeds to the appointed locality, and lets the fact be known that he's there. He allows the Allies to indulge in the usual series of jests, then he strikes a furious blow, and takes several important positions. Then he waits again, and allows the retreating enemy to inflict a " serious reverse " on him, as a result of which confidence is re-established. When we are well off to sleep—crash ! Mackensen has struck again, and is over a river, or across a railway, or around a fortress, or outside a capital. Further pauses, further " reverses," then one wakes up suddenly to find that Mackensen has conquered a whole country.

—and Subleties

Mackensen's methods differ from Hindenburg's by their greater subtlety; also because he rarely wins a mere isolated success. One Mackensen victory is usually the prelude to others. There is, however, always the consolation, in the case of Mackensen, that the man is really a Scotsman!

BETHMANN'S WOULD-BE SUCCESSOR

Prince von Bülow (on the left), who took a great part in the recent attacks on the Chancellor, to whom he is looked upon as a possible successor. He is a less honest, but a great deal more skilful, diplomatist than Bethmann, and had he been Chancellor would certainly not have embroiled Germany with so many enemies at the same time

Russia Please Note

The moral of Constanza, preached in some of our papers, is the need for " more men " —British ones, of course. True. But the men to save Rumania on the spot must be Russians. After all, Rumania is Russia's special Ally, and stands or falls by the success of Russia's strategy.

So English

The typical British inability to depart from precedent has long been exemplified in the case of one of our most famous scientific institutions, which, in spite of the extraordinarily varied and valuable work done by women in the way of research in the deeply technical subject with which it deals, has always steadfastly refused to admit them as fellows of the Society. But it seems that the real reason for this was not, as might be supposed, the jealousy of the male of the accomplishments of the female. No; the secret is at last out: the Society will not allow women to become members because—there is no place in its buildings where adequate cloak-room accommodation can be provided for them!

THE RECENT EXCITED SITTING OF THE REICHSTAG

To listen to the German Chancellor's statement as to the position of the Central Powers, the probabilities of a renewal of "frightfulness," and the possibilities of peace

Grey of Falloden

AN IMPRESSION. BY AN IMPRESSIONIST

CERTAINLY his rising to make a speech is always a sensation. He speaks so rarely, and it is impossible that one who knows so much can be on his legs for the time that a speech is expected to last without letting out at least a sentence or two of revelation.

* *

YES, Viscount Grey knows everything about it. He knows not only the inner history of the incidents that we know of, but also the inner history of the incidents we do not know of. He has spoken intimately not only to the notorious people, but also to the infinitely more important ones whose names and presences in our midst, from time to time, are not known. He knows exactly what set of circumstances led up to the great decision that was taken in this or that capital which so gravely affected the drift of the war. He knows why Ferdy did, and why 'Tino wouldn't, and what King Stork really says, in his private moments, about King Log: the real reason why Mr. Tadpole left the Cabinet, and the true inward facts as to the claims to national hero-worship of that very eminent statesman Mr. Taper.

* *

LORD GREY has conferred with all the eminent diplomatists of Europe, and read the secret letters of many of the crowned heads, and had tapped for his private eye the wireless messages of the enemy to the neutral. He has a shrewd idea of what terms of peace would be agreed to by Ruritania, and what is the minimum that would be acceptable to Valaria. He also, one presumes, has an exact idea of exactly what is meant by those portentous phrases which are thundered from time to time across the world by the Prime Ministers of the Allied States; also exactly how much of what the enemy Chancellor says is intended for enemy and how much for home consumption.

* *

HE knows a very great deal, does Viscount Grey of Falloden, and when such a man rises one cannot but experience some thrill. For, as remarked, it is humanly inconceivable that he can fail to reveal at least something to the waiting ear as to what is in store for suffering humanity. The ear yearns for something that will act through it upon the senses as an invigorator. It wants to be assured by this great man that diplomacy has its weather eye open to correct or to anticipate the errors of militarism, and has its own particular schemes for remedying the ills that afflict Europe. The diplomat, in every war, is always the superior person whose business it is to believe that war ought never to have come at all, and never would have come but for the extravagances of war-mongers and the vulgarities of newspapers, and, perhaps, the ambitions and indiscretions of Kings.

* *

THE diplomat always lives for the day when he will come into his own, when the sword shall have been sheathed, and the future governance of the world shall be entrusted to the tactful handling of himself and his co-professionals. He is, therefore, always a bit of a sceptic on the subject of war, for war temporarily displaces his craft. When the diplomat rises to speak, will he just say a few words (after praising the efforts of the military) on what he himself thinks might be arranged in settlement of some at least of the lesser problems? The major ones, of course, can only be decided on the bloody battlefield. But the lesser ones? . . . May he possibly have a bit of sugar to throw to one of the lesser of the enemy birds, in order to make him a little fractious towards his dear Allies? All such are of the diplomatic stock in trade, and when so eminent a diplomat as Viscount Grey rises will he drop in here and there a hint that shall send us out speculating?

* *

VISCOUNT GREY rose, and he spoke. He spoke well, with occasional fervour, but more frequent hesitation. He gave the impression of meaning every word he said, even when he read it out from a paper. He kept his well-fed audience so much on tenterhooks that hardly a match was struck or a glass clinked from first to last. And he sat down.

* *

VISCOUNT GREY had done the inconceivable thing. He had made a speech at a decisive moment in the affairs of the war, when the fate of Rumania was hanging in the balance, when the whole world was asking what would be the lines of the winter campaign, the prospects for the spring, and he had sent his audience away the wiser by nothing. A reminder or two of the origins of the war (which is all in the white papers), a repetition or two of Asquithian periods, a pious suggestion or two to the neutrals as to how they may avoid wars in future, and—'twas over.

* *

ONE of the pleasantest, most honest-looking, and most amiable gentlemen in Europe is Viscount Grey. But thousands of pleasant, honest, and amiable gentlemen are suffering daily death and mutilation in the trenches of France and elsewhere. The right word or two at the right moment from his Pleasantness the Foreign Secretary might make the days of the endurance and agony of the soldier slightly less numerous. Not words of overture, of concession, to the arch-enemy, but—there are enemies who are not "arch," whom we did not desire to fight, and who did not desire to fight us. They fight well enough to the orders of Berlin, but—who knows but that a word or two from the head of the British Foreign Office might not make them fight a little less well, and a little less at length? By so doing the lives of many hundreds—even thousands—of pleasant gentlemen fighting in Macedonia, Mesopotamia, Egypt, might be spared to the England of to-morrow, to their relatives and friends, and to those occupations that they graced before war came. It is supposed to be with the idea of disuniting combines of enemies that diplomacy exists in war-time. If pleasantness and honesty and amiability fail to achieve that object, then in olden days and in other countries it sometimes happened that other methods and other men were tried.

Tino's Brother

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, BROTHER OF KING CONSTANTINE

is now paying an officially unofficial visit to London with his wife. He has travelled much and is known all over the world as a good sportsman; and is gifted with great strength of body as well as of character

The Dry-Nursing of Mars

THERE has lately been quite a rush of amiable mentors anxious to take the British soldier by the hand and to plead with him tearfully that he will not allow himself to be diverted by the worldly temptations of the Town. And the British soldier would be so very much obliged if his self-appointed guardians would let him alone.

Soldiering is a rough, untidy trade. And one of the first lessons a man learns from it is how to take care of himself. The hypothesis favoured in some quarters that a man who has lived in the jaws of hell for a twelvemonth is, after all, only a green young thing in the ways of the world remains to be proved.

We have recently had the spectacle of an elderly General lamenting the fact that full-blooded young men are given to patronising public entertainments where feminine graces are profusely displayed. We smile charitably at the story of the optimistic lady who with misplaced diligence tried to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean; yet to the live man, back for a few hours from the dull, monotonous horror of trench-life, we offer the anæmic counsel that he should not look upon the ankle when it is trim or the bust when it is shapely. And this at a time when the women are dressing in a trimmer and shapelier fashion than ever.

After the General, the Bishop. There are those who allege that the Church of England, the richest religious community in the world, has hardly come up to expectations in these days of organised war-service. Wholesome diversion for our soldiers in their moments of leisure, and essential supplies for the sick and wounded, have been freely and skilfully organised by lay institutions; but the Church of England, as such, is guiltless of the charge of having been over-liberal with her material favours.

Instead, My Lord Bishop stands on a rostrum in Piccadilly and warns the virile British soldier to keep away from that unholy spot, because the goings-on there at night are something shocking. With the result that the average healthy British soldier is now asking the nearest way to Piccadilly.

The latest addition to the ranks of dry-nurses for British soldiers is the Chief of the Women Police. The only objection we have against her is that she is a spinster. And the good Bishop is a bachelor in the strictest sense. What can either of these estimable people know of the question they are ready to discuss so volubly?

But the policewoman is only the policeman in skirts. She explains that having found disorderly people in public thoroughfares, "We move them on."

Exactly. It is the good old British method of dealing with this eternal trouble. If you don't see it, it isn't there. The only thing about it is that trouble "moved on" is not destroyed. On the contrary, it has the snowball's faculty of growing as it goes.

When I was a young man I was taught that the one spot in London to be shunned by the virtuous was Pimlico. In due course Pimlico was "moved on." The shaded area then, they tell me, became the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. This in its turn was "moved on"; and at the moment, a worldly acquaintance at the club informs me, the plague-spot is Fulham.

It is an embarrassing and distressing coincidence that the Episcopal Palace of the Bishops of London should be located at—Fulham.

Every instructed person is well aware that the danger to the wandering and reckless soldier in a worldly city is very great; but it is a little late in the day to try to scare the British soldier from his objective with talk about danger.

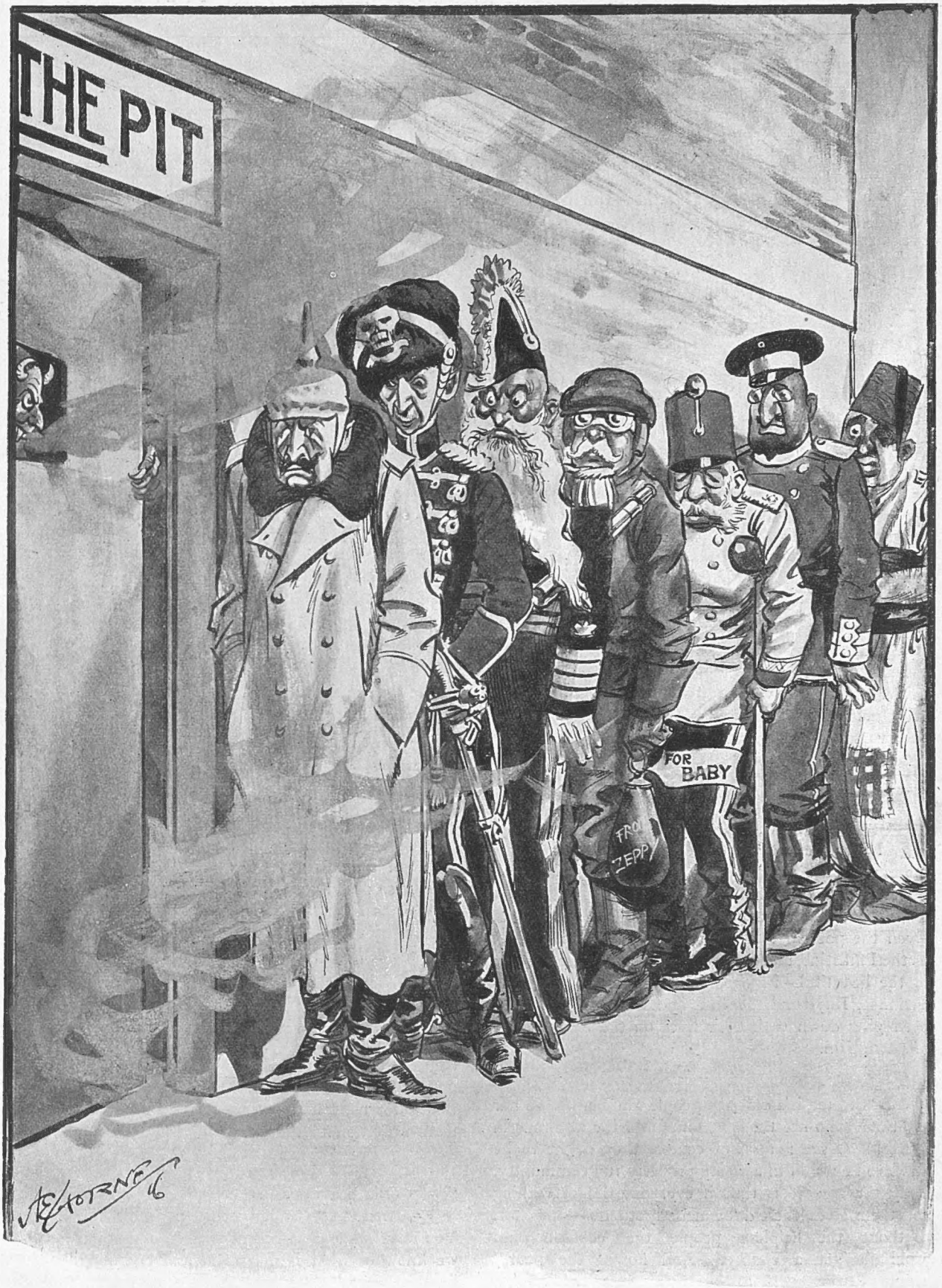
The obvious duty of those in high authority is to leave off trying to tinker with the laws of nature, and to sterilise the danger at its source. Then we might be content to recognise that a soldier is a soldier—and a man; and we should also be mercifully spared the pathetic exhibition of the sexless complacently laying down rules for the guidance of the sexed.

"'They order,' said I, 'this matter better in France.'" A. G.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE

Has just been announced between Viscount Uffington, son and heir of the Earl of Craven, and the daughter of the Town Clerk of Invergordon. A bride from the bureaucracy is rather a novelty in the circles of the aristocracy, but all the world will wish these young lovers well

Early Doors, Too!



THE PIT

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *October* 30, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

WINTER'S coming on apace, and the leaves are off the trees, and—ugh! I simply hate it! Dickensian rejoicings over snow and ice and lovely red hollyberries, and all the festive rest of it, leave me very cold—in every sense. As Shakespeare says: "A sad tale's best for winter." And it's such a bustling, hustling season, and life's only nice lived lingeringly—which isn't to say lived slowly, you know.

"Winter is really on the way"

IN summertime linger you must, or lose half the joy and loveliness. In winter—well, if only in the interests of your complexion and your circulation and that sort of thing, you've got to be energetic. And energy, I sometimes suspect, is the sign manual of the somewhat pedestrian mind. The attitude of the masses—let us do something so that we may not think. The thinkers are apt to be lingerers—hoarding life's golden minutes against the cruel march of the enemy time, and crystallising them, perhaps, for posterity in books or paint or music.

THE rest do things—and in war-time anyway, I suppose, we want the people who do almost more than the people who think. Though they all dovetail into one another, don't they? Staff can't do without the field army nor the Army without Staff. Even the poet in this universal war's been as useful as the Philistine, and more than one devout worshipper of the beautiful—Brooke, Julian Grenfell, Wyndham Tennant, Raymond Asquith, and the rest—have laid their gifts down with their lives on the bloody altar of patriotism.

SEEMS to me it's only the people who neither do nor think who are the wash-outs and the also-rans in a world at war; and, of course, they ought to be *made* to be useful in a really properly run community. Only the trouble is that if everyone did everything for themselves there'd be nobody to do things for. Without the helpless people the capable ones wouldn't get a chance. And how "the poor" would loathe such a Socialistic state of affairs, wouldn't they? Think of it, no one to be up against, no grievances, no nothing! Take half the zest out of life, wouldn't it?

REMINDS me, I'm being strafed a bit for "girding" at the National Mission that's being run in England now. (I didn't; only said I was afraid it'd have an uphill job, because winning the war's rather a matter of bodies than souls, I'm afraid, however.) A country parson writes to say that I make him feel "ashamed at *you* following in the steps of such as Bottomley, surprised at your missing the mark so unusually and completely, and disappointed at your not rising to your usual high ideal of manhood and womanhood.

"DON'T scoff," he goes on (*very* politely for a parson); "don't spoil your charming letters by sneers; you are meant for smiles. Don't, dear Blanche, even suggest, as you almost do, that there's no need for repentance. Surely the very glory of our manhood in the trenches calls for a like response on our part at home. We *must* keep step with them, and so live that when our heroes return they may not find us unchanged by that war which is silently, but effectually, working so great a change in them."

QUITE disarming, I'm sure, and I'll think it over. Meanwhile there's another, who tells me that the object of the Mission is to "try and purge out our dross," so that we may be fit to receive our men when they come back, "purged from all the dross in their natures by the fire they have gone through." Well—only too delighted to do anything I can in the direction of being in the fit mood and frame of mind for welcoming our splendid men back. But, after all, they're fighting and falling for us as we are, unpurged and positively full of "dross," and I can't find that *they* want us different or think us unfit to love them and be loved. And as it's they who are fighting and falling for us, I hope we may be forgiven for paying more attention to them than to those who aren't.

"DON'T leave us, Blanche," one R.F.A. major writes. "Go on writing. Don't forget us. You have made such lots of friends, and stand for all we know of what is delightful and charming." He doesn't seem "ashamed" or disappointed. And a sailorman says: "When we write to you we think of you as the representative of all that's beautiful in Smoke, Guz, and Pompey"—which are the sailor

equivalents, you know, for London, Devonport, and "dear flapper-bound Portsmouth." "We think of you not as the one Blanche, but as the many Blanches adored by all of us. For you voice the opinions of all those dears that make life such an enjoyment for us when, after the best part of a year in icy climes, we get a few days' leave."

"The darkness is simply terrifying"

And I can't see all this change in our men, either, that the parsons are so fond of telling us about. Seems to me they come back from war much the same, only, if anything, more affectionate and simpler. If they're changed at all it's not in the "spiritual" direction, but towards the more human and primitive—just the plain, eternal, inexplicable facts of life, which, after all, are all that matter, and let the theories take care of themselves.

Talking of facts—some of our ideals are getting rather shattered here in England now, by no other than our new women war-workers. Work on the land, for example. From time immemorial haven't we always fondly imagined that the milkmaid's job was almost a romantic one—you know, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" and sprigged cotton frocks and sunbonnets, and Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and all that sort of thing.

Seems we were wrong, or our ideas of what is romantic have changed. Anyway, a school of girl farmworkers down West has had to close down because of the awfully disappointing results. Girls, especially London girls, expected farm life to consist of green fields, shady trees, and in the offing a farm of their very own, with their own particular lonely soldier. Actually, it's mostly mud, muck, and clouds, and though they didn't mind driving horses, it became positively dreadful to them—the monotony of actual milking and the loneliness of country life.

I think, don't you, that some of those men-despisers who used always to be claiming before the war that women could and would do everything men did, and that the horrid coarse male sex was almost entirely unnecessary, really ought to do something about this. Milking's as much a national necessity as fighting, if we're to have any soldiers at all in 1936. And if the men are doing the fighting, and doing it jolly well, you'd think the women aforesaid would be simply all over themselves tackling what, after all, is a safe enough job if it is a little unpleasant.

No more difficult to milk a cow than to make shells, according to Mr. Walter Long, and women could learn their way about farms as quickly as they have about munition factories. But Cabinet Ministers are proverbially optimistic, aren't they, and fatally ignorant about human nature. I suppose it's those nice fat salaries, or can it be that dreadful room, with all those green blotting-pads and grey inkpots, where they do their Cabinetting? I suppose anything would seem rose-coloured after that.

Perfectly terrifying, by the way, the darkness of London streets last week, and home a far, far better place any time after tea—which, by the way, is the latest institution to be tackled by the war economists. Two "Society ladies" say we really mustn't have cakes for tea any longer with this war on. Luckily, in Mayfair, anyway, there are plenty of other luxuries to fall back on, aren't there?

A telephone by your bed, for instance. Once you've had it you can't do without it. Yet I heard of a woman the other day who threatened to leave the house and swore she'd never answer it, anyway, if her husband installed a telephone even down in the hall. Lots of also-rans amongst wives, aren't there? I suppose they must have been nice *once*, some of them, perhaps, even of unlimited allurements, as Mr. George Robey hath it. But, as Mr. Potash says: "A peach in the dance hall, me boy, may prove to be an onion in the kitchen."

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

"Mustn't have cakes for tea any longer with this war on"

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

NOTE BY EDITOR.—*The intention of these letters is to clear up to our French friends some of the mysteries of life in "Blighty." Our contributor is well known in Paris, where he has discharged important duties, and is now similarly engaged in London.*

TWO MISAPPREHENSIONS

CHER AMI—

ARE they *still* saying "*Rien que des Anglais partout*"? How unthinking some people are. Let us review the situation, you and I. We send a little army to France. "Contemptible" was its size, I believe. It scattered itself upon the roads and fields northwards; and Paris and those other French towns through which it passed on its flower-bedecked way to harry the Hun intruder, forgot about it, and turned to its own more pressing affairs. But this "grotesque little parody of an army," which, as the Hamburg merchants said, would serve only to scratch ineffectually at the iron sides of Teutonism; this army, contrary to plans and card-index systems, and all the clerical preparations of war made in Germany, began (after some vicissitudes and shakings) to hang on by its back teeth and *grow*, a thriving virile plant in the soil of France. It squatted down with all its paraphernalia and stores and transport lorries in this French town, and that village, and there was none like unto it. These "bases," as we call them, were removed some considerable distance from the thunder and lightning of war, so that the good *bourgeoisie* rather resented this invasion of their cafés, this monopoly of their pavements, this bargaining in their market-places by uncouth, dirty men in brown, who wanted (and insisted upon having) so much elbow room. The enemy, quick to seize an opportunity, set its *canard* agents at work, here and there, and it was whispered that wherever the English go there they stay. Happily our Allies are too intelligent a people to believe, even in their dreams, so fatuous a suggestion. But they sometimes say petulantly, as they endeavour to push their way along their own pavements: "*Mais, nom de Dieu, il n'y a rien que des Anglais partout!*"

⁂ ⁂

BUT think what it means to keep an army, such as the 1916 British edition, in the field, clothed, equipped, and rationed—almost entirely self-contained, on someone else's territory, with a stretch of mine-strewn sea between. A vast army of non-combatants, of clerks and storemen and lorry-drivers, and a dozen other breeds, become the natural and necessary concomitant of the fighting force. So tell those peevish, war-tired, compatriots of yours when they say "*rien que des Anglais*" that we mean no harm; that our tenure of these French towns is a tenure born of necessity, which will die with victory; that every "Tommy" billeted in every French cottage, and every French mansion, is learning to *understand* France and to love her. Is it not, therefore, worth while?

THE other misapprehension that may be fogging the clear vision of some of you is a more subtle one, less easily explained. I passed across Trafalgar Square recently on the day of its annual transformation. A crowd of idle folk pressed about the plinth of a monument. The slope of its bases was garlanded with green shrubs in pots, and evergreen festoons were tied lanyard-wise to the column. For it was Trafalgar Day. Standing for a moment on the fringe of the crowd, I heard spoken that language which always draws me instinctively towards the speaker. Two Frenchmen conversed rapidly together in an undertone—an amazed undertone. I stood behind them, and, like the youth having great possessions, I went away sorrowful. Their amazement may be summed up in my explanation of it, *cher ami*. Would you, as our Ally, have us forget one of our cherished memories? An enlightened France would not have this so. These two countrymen of yours, in their ignorance, attributed to us the worst taste in that we celebrate now, as it were in the open market-place, a French defeat. How hopelessly wrong they were! I could not tell them so because one was wearing the uniform of a Colonel of Infantry—whereas I—well, you will appreciate the reason of my reticence! But there may be others who think like this.

⁂ ⁂

WE are not concerned—we never have been in the least concerned on any of the twenty-firsts of October down the pathway of the years—with the fact that we vanquished your brave Admiral Villeneuve. I doubt whether 3 per cent. of those who formed that staring crowd had ever heard of your great sailor. It is not that. No. What we do celebrate—and *you* would not have it otherwise—is the memory of a *personality* which battled with relentless seas, which feared God and honoured the King, and which, above all, helped in great part to form those traditions that are upholding us in the foul winter weathers of the North Sea to-day and to-morrow and the next day. The little man with the empty sleeve, who looks from a great height down towards the Admiralty of to-day, means a very great deal to us unromantic English. His name carries a whiff of the sea, that is all, Jacques—and the sea to us is a very precious thing, because it thunders at all our gates. The memory of Nelson sends our men cheerfully, with song even, to their dreadful steel-walled deaths. He is part of them—they are part of him. It would be a poor thing indeed if, from a mistaken sense of delicacy, we left him unhonoured on the anniversary of his own hard-earned triumph and most valiant death.

Ton dévoué, JOHN

"Lorretta says that if this war economy goes much further she'll literally be reduced to nothing but her skin"

"Did she mention it was a 900 guinea chinchilla?"

The Bystander in Paris

QUATRIÈME DROITE

"ONE of the tragedies of this war," I said, sententiously, "is that its real history will be neglected altogether." And I buried my nose in a pewter-pot of British beer and asked for a second helping of chicken curry. I haven't been home to England for a year now, and under these circumstances British food invariably makes me sententious. "No," I said, waggling my fork at the other man, "all the little sidelights on the war-lives of us all will be neglected in the wave of great big books on strategy and politics, on finance, on trade questions, on all the hugely interesting points which will be compiled out of Blue Books and other learned works, and the man in the street in 2016 who will want to know what people did and how people lived during the great war will be left guessing. Unless," I said, crooking my finger for more beer, "unless he is fortunate enough to get an old volume of THE BYSTANDER."

"The concierge in a bad temper and curl-papers"

"MPS!" said the other man, rudely. "Give your tongue a rest, and come along with me to the Quai der ler —— Something. *I'm* doing war-work, and I've no time to chatter. I've got to call on a woman I don't know to ask her to sing at a Red Cross concert." "It's nearly ten o'clock," I said. "You can't call on a woman you don't know in Paris in war-time at ten o'clock in the evening—at least, not if she's a nice woman." "She's a very nice woman indeed," said the other man; "I tell you I don't know her." And we got into a taxi-cab. Incidentally, the chauffeur of the taxicab had a lady with him on the box. "Taking your young lady out for an airing," I said. "*Tu parles, Charles,*" said the chauffeur. (My name is, of course, *not* Charles.) "I am called up next week, and she's learning to drive the old 'bus." When we got to the number we wanted on the Quai der ler —— Something, the house had a been-asleep-for-hours look. "I really don't think we had better go up," I said. "Don't be an ass," said the other man. (British beer and curry have different effects upon different persons.) "Don't be a silly ass. And there'll probably be a lift, anyway." There wasn't.

"Ah, non! Ah, non! messieurs, I won't—I can't believe it"

THE *concierge*, in a bad temper and curl-papers (both of which attributes are almost a permanent condition of the Paris *concierge*), grunted "*Quatrième droite*" at us when we asked whether the lady we wanted to see was at home. I had made up my mind, before I saw that *concierge*, to inquire suavely before going up to the apartment on the fourth floor, right, whether in her opinion our visit would derange madame. But the curl-papers frightened us, and we climbed up away from them. We got our breath, prepared apologetic speeches, and pressed the bell button. We heard

(Continued on page 236)

Paris in the Third Year

AN AUTUMN ASPECT OF A CONFIDENT CAPITAL

Except that there seems to be more money to spend, Paris is now very much as it was before the war. Soldiers on leave and hundreds of well-to-do French and Belgian "refugees" from the invaded provinces supply the place of the thousands of men Paris has sent to the Front

A SCENE IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES

Where thousands of people enjoy an afternoon in the autumn sunshine, sitting under the trees, and gazing with interest on such of their defenders as are enjoying a short leave. One of the latter may be observed still wearing his trench helmet

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 234)

a startled little cry. "*There!*" I said to the other man, "you've done it now." "Done what?" he said. "Put the lid on it," said I. (These slang expressions are quite useful when you have no exact answer ready, aren't they?) We heard a little scuffling and excitement on the other side of the door, as though somebody were too flurried to open it. Then the door burst open widely, a voice said "At last! darl——," and a very pretty woman in a pink *peignoir* stood and stared at us, growing paler and gradually paler, and clutching at her heart as though to stop it beating. There was a look of terror in her eyes—terror and horror mixed—which I can't possibly describe. "*Ah, non!*" she said, "*Ah, non! Ah, non! messieurs*, I won't—I can't believe it." And though it was only a matter of seconds before we put her out of her misery, it seemed like a lifetime of horror to us, all three.

✲

"You will excuse our late visit," began my companion. But I cut him short. Introductory phrases could wait until afterwards. "We have come to ask you to sing for the Red Cross concert," I said quickly. "Oh!" she said, "O-o-o-h! I thought——I feared——." "You were afraid we brought you bad news from the Front?" I said. Her colour came slowly back again. She began to smile. Presently her eyes danced with laughter, and she turned and threw a kiss into a room behind her, from which came the unmistakable voice of a very new baby. "You see," she said, "we have only been married a little over a year. He got leave on purpose, and I haven't seen him since—since." She threw her head back towards the room behind. "He doesn't even know his son yet. And when you rang I thought at first that he had got leave unexpectedly and had come back without thinking of his keys or anything, and then when I saw you, two men whom I didn't know, looking so serious, and monsieur there with spectacles, I thought—— I was frightened——. But it was very absurd of me, wasn't it? *Mais qu'est ce que vous voulez que je vous dise, moi?*" Nobody remembered until ever so long afterwards when we were out in the street again that all this while she had kept us standing on the landing outside the door of her flat. "And you want me to sing at the Red Cross Concert?" she said, "but, of course, I shall be charmed."

"A smudge of petrol across her eyes didn't improve her appearance"

✲

Solemnly my companion produced bits of music and began to talk of contralto, and mezzo, and piano, and *va bene*, and *dolce far niente*, and things like that—I am nothing of a musician myself. I heard him arrange for a rehearsal the next day, and then baby in the back room stated *con molto expressione*, not to say *appassionatomente*, or even *—issime*, his opinion of his mother's prolonged absence. And we bowed ourselves—not exactly out, because we were out already—but downstairs. When we got down to the waiting cab our chauffeur asked: "Well, she was not, then, in bed after all, the *bourgeoise?*" His own *bourgeoise*, who had been learning to crank up, turned a flushed face to him. "*T'es bête, voyons!*" she said, "didn't you hear the baby cry?" I told her that the baby's father hadn't made his acquaintance yet. "*Pauvre petit!*" said the chauffeur's apprentice. A smudge of petrol across her eyes didn't improve her appearance, but she wasn't at all laughable for all that. And *her* man was going, too, soon.

✲

"Yes," I said as we drove off, "posterity will have to look up the file of The Bystander to see the real history of the war." "You can't write about *to-night* in The Bystander, anyhow," said the man who had bought me the beer. "You do what Mr. Asquith tells you," I said—"Wait and see."

John N. Raphael

HOW FRANCE TREATS HER PRISONERS

These German prisoners have little cause to complain of the hardships of their lot. To peel potatoes for your own meals—and plenty of them—must seem a pleasant contrast to any German prisoner who may have chanced at one time to have been on guard over French or British prisoners in a German camp

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

M. Nimidoff's delightful pictures of the very latest thing in Paris fashions will delight the hearts of our feminine readers and send them in eager haste to their dress-makers to stock their wardrobes for the autumn and winter.

Cleverly contrived is this walking costume, to give the correct effect of width upon the hips. Dove grey and black wolf form the colour scheme. Distinctive, if not unique, are the squares of fur which ornament the skirt.

Here one has an example of fashion's dernier cri—the employment of two contrasting colours. Taffetas of Burgundy red, with putty-coloured cloth for the overdress, was the startling combination. The wings upon the little toque have a butterfly effect that will fascinate many women.

Sapphire blue velvet and grey chinchilla, cut to reveal a blouse in old gold lace; the hat, also of sapphire blue, trimmed to match. Novel and charming are the two loops that hold the skirt in place at the back.

"We cannot have too much fur," say the fashion experts of to-day. Thus we have here a quaint smock-like little coat of white fur, with a black bear border, and the dress of dark green cloth is trimmed also with black bear. The loops are threaded with a broad white silk braid

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE BOYS FROM AFRICA. BY JACK JOHNSON

My Dear Bystander—

The British Tommy always excepted, I don't think anywhere in the world you would find a more charming and attractive person than the average *poilu*. He combines the fighting qualities of an ancient Greek with the heart of a little child, and when he hails from Afrique's sunny shores there is added all the romantic glamour of the East. What more fascinating warrior than the smiling *tirailleur* of Algiers or the handsome chocolate *spahi* in his Futuristic raiment, or the rollicking *goumier* executing a fantasia in his Charlie Chaplin trousers of claret hue, dashing to and fro on his fiery mustang, with piercing cries of bellicosity and grim anticipation, such as set the awe-struck onlookers trembling like aspens in an equinoctial gale? Stand these desperate fellows a glass of thin beer at any *estaminet*, or offer them a "gasper," and they are your slaves for all time.

Of course, East is East and West is West, as the poet truthfully points out, and, naturally, there are things in France which the African cannot understand.

❀ ❀

Happening last week to drive through a large base town I came upon an enormous crowd gathered in one of the principal streets. It was impossible to make any headway, so I got down and fought my way through the throng. In the middle of the multitude was a huge African nigger without a stitch of clothing round his frame beyond a twisted rag in front and, like Gunga Din, "with rather less than 'alf of that behind." The picture of misery, he was standing there shivering with cold and mutely pointing an accusing finger at an excited *garçon de café*, who was doing himself grave internal injury in an endeavour to explain things to five hundred people all talking at once. It was about five minutes before the emotions of the *garçon* would allow him to express himself intelligibly, and we then learned that the nigger was a soldierman just arrived from Senegal. Entering the café for a drink it was broken to him by the waiter that only civilians could be served. Only too anxious to comply with the regulations of a strange land, the native of Senegal hastened to get into the civilian dress of his country, and entering the *café* once more his cup of bitterness and astonishment was complete when a gibbering waiter not only refused to serve him, but hounded him into the street like a dog!

I hadn't time to stay to see the finish, but I saw a big fat man in a red beard patting the poor fellow on the shoulder and telling him that it was quite all right, and would he please put his trousers on quickly.

❀ ❀

It was whilst engaged in removing the back wheel of my motor-bicycle in a part of the country miles from civilisation that chance threw me in the path of two of the nicest and kindest of *poilus* that you could meet anywhere.

I can only remember their Christian names now—Jacques and Pierre, I think they were—and never was there anybody more *sympathique*.

I have always found that removing back wheels from motor-bicycles on muddy roads is one of those mechanical operations which has never yet been known to excite the sympathetic interest of the passer-by, yet these two young fellows in nice spick and span uniforms threw themselves heart and soul into the job. As we grappled with spindles, back hub washers, and other unclean things we fell to discussing the usual topic.

"*Ah, oui; c'est long!*" said Jacques, straightening his back with a sigh; "what would I not give to get back to my civil occupation."

"And what may that be?" I asked. "*Je suis apache à Paris, mon capitaine,*" said Jacques, simply. "Pierre here is a burglar at Lyon!"

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

". . . .TO SEE OURSEL'S AS ITHERS SEE US . . . ."

"What's the matter with old Bert?"

"I dunno'—'e must agone potty. 'E 'adn't been in the readin' room two minutes afore 'e jumps up and said as 'e wos going to find a bloke called Bairnsfather"

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

The Candid Friend

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Well, yer know, I like the photo of you in your gas mask best"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Just Before the Battle

This official photograph shows an officer giving the final instructions to his men just before going into action. The men seem to have no objection whatever to being "out in the open" at last; and, at any rate for the time, to have done with going "over the top"

As the Airman Sees It

Canadian War Records

This official photograph of an old trench on the Somme front, taken from an observation balloon, gives an extraordinarily interesting illustration of the way in which trenches are designed and constructed, front trenches, reserve trenches, and communication trenches all being clearly indicated, while in front of them lies "No Man's Land," the ground between the lines of the opposing armies

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Home on Leave" at the Royalty

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

It is generally understood that the British officer looks forward to "a high old time" during the scanty hours of his leave; but not many junior officers can hope to crowd into their leave all the excitement that Lieut. Owen Fletcher (Mr. Dennis Eadie) gets out of his little bit. Owen is just the right type of modern officer, jovial, frivolous, and with a soldier's very proper disregard for the stricter conventions. At the same time, we are satisfied that he is quite incapable of seriously irregular conduct. Therefore, when he takes rooms for his mother and sister at the Ritz, and informs them that he has invited his old sweetheart, Mrs. Constance Luscombe (Miss Marie Löhr), to join the party, we feel that this rather daring arrangement is, after all, nothing more than a boyish indiscretion.

❀

Constance accepts the invitation, and arrives punctually to dinner. We are permitted to wonder for a moment what her husband thinks of the situation; but it transpires that he doesn't know anything about it. It seems that Connie is not happily married at all. No. Mr. Luscombe adds to the usual defects of a husband the offensive habit of taking drugs. We judge, at this stage, that Connie's visit to Owen and his people is another version of the eternal triangle, though it is impossible to suspect Owen of sinister complicity in the matter. After all, one does not bring ladies of that sort into the company of one's mother and sister. Happily, it proves that we are right in assuming that Owen's invitation to Connie was merely the outcome of a simple platonic friendship, and was conceived in that happy spirit of generosity that makes the boy on leave anxious to give an hour of happiness to as many of his friends as possible while he has the chance.

❀

Shortly after Connie's arrival she is informed that a Mr. Herbert Probyn has called to see her. She protests that she does not wish to see anyone, and cannot understand how Mr. Probyn can have known she was there. The family, however, withdraw, and invite her to receive her caller, and a moment afterwards Mrs. Constance Luscombe and Mr. Herbert Probyn

are locked in each other's arms, kissing with all the decorative fervour of misplaced affection. Dear, dear! It then transpires that Connie accepted Owen's very kind invitation in order that she might have a good time in town with—Herbert. The eternal triangle has suddenly developed into some kind of a quadrilateral figure. Something, in fact, not quite square.

❀

After dinner Herbert goes back to his club to await an assignation by telephone which Connie has promised to make for a later hour than is strictly correct. And just as Owen is seated beside Connie and hearing her sad story, who should stroll into the room but Connie's husband. Mr. Luscombe at once begins to make a scene. Says he shall apply for a divorce at once and name Owen as co-respondent. We'll see! Such a very abrupt person. It may not be the rigidly correct thing to sit in a room with another man's wife and dry her tears with the touch of tender compassion, but I should hardly have thought that the law would have regarded that as a case for a decree *nisi*, in the absence of the usual direct evidence as to what the footman saw and the housemaid overheard. Still, Owen says chivalrously that he will see the affair through on those terms, so that Connie shall be free to marry her Herbert.

❀

But Connie will not have Owen sacrificing himself like that. She summons Herbert to her presence, and tells him that it is he who must be the co-respondent in the case—and it would appear that he is fully qualified for that unsavoury office. Herbert, however, is distinctly not having any, so to speak. He says he has a wife and children, and what about them? He also desires to say goodbye for ever. This is the last straw for Connie. To think that this man who made love to her so nicely should be married? The fact that she is married herself seems to have escaped her in the rush of her reprehension. And so she sits and sobs and sobs and sobs, while Owen listens sympathetically till a sudden telephone call summons him unexpectedly back to France. After all, even war seems to have its compensations. But the play is a little exotic for the abnormal times in which we live.

JINGLE

The Complications of Constance

"Home on Leave," Mr. Knoblock's new play at the Royalty, develops the plot of the "eternal triangle" one stage further, and gives Miss Marie Lohr an opportunity for "temperamental" acting of which she avails herself to the utmost

Lamb versus Wolf

BY "EFEMERA."

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

"This is, very evidently, the day of women"

Joshua Up to Date

THIS is, very evidently, the day of women, particularly of young women. Whether it will come to an end, or whether female determination will be able, Joshua-like, to prolong it indefinitely, I cannot pretend to say. Personally, I am inclined to believe that the modern woman is as good a man as Joshua; that she is fully capable of preventing the sun from setting on her empire the while she continues to enjoy—and profit by—all the advantages of moonshine. Such an achievement requires not a little juggling, but, then, women have always been noted for their feats of sleight of mind.

❀ ❀

The Blush of Yester Year

AS it is, the modern young woman is remarkable for her independence. The sweet, shy young thing ready to blush and tremble at the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, is as out of date as the dodo. In fact, nowadays, blushes are left to young gentlemen and old ladies. The girl of the present era can see no reason for blushing at anything. Why should she? The bashful tradition is not the one she has been brought up in. Her mouth and her conversation are shaped, not to such genteel words as the "potatoes, prunes, and prisms" of prudish memory; her catchwords are of a much broader nature. If she blushes at all, which is doubtful, she does it unseen like the jewel of the elegy. It may be the truer modesty, for the advertising blush and ostentatiously lowered eyes do show that one understands the indelicate inwardness of a remark, whilst the wide open stare proves nothing at all, either one way or the other.

❀ ❀

The Confusion of the Proper

IN any case, the modern girl shows little consideration for the foibles of such of her elders as, reared according to the ancient precepts of decorum, are easily shocked. I have seen grandmothers put to flight and retired colonels of sultry reputation reduced to crimson and uncomfortable silence by the barefaced conversation of a cherubic flapper just out of the schoolroom. And the freedom of speech of girls is, of course, matched by their freedom of conduct at home and abroad. Emancipation, in every direction, is the order of the day.

❀ ❀

Decay of the Chaperon

CHAPERONING is going out; the duenna, or watch-dog, is a thing of the past. The maiden of to-day is too self-reliant and independent a creature to submit to the restraint and control which her mother accepted as a matter of course. She is confident in her own judgment; moreover, she expects and intends to have her own way without let or hindrance. The anxiously clucking chaperon, indefatigable in warding off ineligible admirers, merely excites her derision. As for the chaperon's complementary task, that of encouraging suitable young men, the modern girl will thank her to mind her own business. She considers herself quite capable of managing her own affairs, flirtatious or matrimonial. She needs no one to give her

(Continued on page 246)

"Reduced to crimson and uncomfortable silence by the barefaced conversation of a cherubic flapper"

A Popular Favourite

Photograph *Rita Martin*

Miss Unity More, now delighting crowded houses by her acting in the "Happy Day" at Daly's Theatre

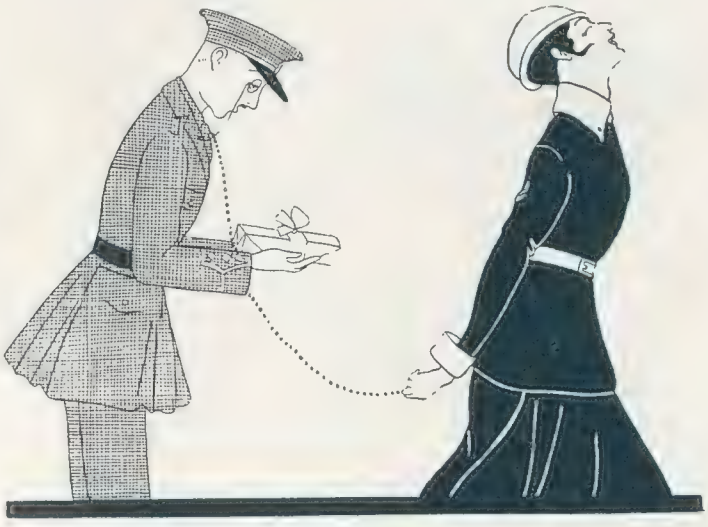
LAMB versus WOLF (concluded from page 244)

countenance; she requires, she will tell you contemptuously, no protection.

❀ ❀

Exit the Wolf

IT used to be, too, that the mammas of young girls regarded all men not in the class of eligible prospective husbands as ravening wolves, whether or not they affected the clothing of sheep. The chief *raison d'être* of the parent's or guardian's life, apart from providing a suitable matrimonial partner, was the protection of innocent girlhood from wolfish wiles. Now that girlhood is no longer either ignorant or timorous, though it still may be innocent, that occupation is gone. In fact, the boot is very much on the other foot.



"In fact the boot is on the other foot"

❀ ❀

The Sheep in Wolf's Clothing

IT would seem that with the emancipation of girls a corresponding change has come over young men. The wolf and the ewe lamb have unaccountably changed places. On the one hand it is only a step from the successful defensive to the offensive, and—with a convenient mixture of metaphors—it is axiomatic that displaced matter must find lodgment somewhere. If modesty and its companion, frailty, be driven from the female composition, they must take refuge in the male. An increasing number of mothers are exercised over the dangers threatening their sons. In the old days a Frenchwoman introducing her son to society used the following formula: "My cockerel is at large; look to your pullets." Now the formula is in a fair way to be reversed.

❀ ❀

The Chaperon Rediviva

IN these days the risks run by an attractive young man are quite incredible; at any moment he may be led astray or snapped up by a predatory female. It is really hardly safe for a young man to venture out alone. The wearing of khaki is an added danger, for uniform is a powerful attraction to the feminine eye. I used to wonder what was to become of the chaperon, the daily governess whose chief duty consisted in accompanying her blooming charges upon their walks abroad. I could see these worthy women languishing in ill-deserved obscurity and semi-starvation, unwanted, unrespected, cast upon the rubbish-heap of things whose usefulness is past. But why should they not be employed for the protection of our guileless young men? Think how reassuring it would be to wives and mothers to know that the beloved one was in trustworthy and competent hands! Policewomen, indeed! Governesses are what we want. I can foresee the day when no really nice, or even respectable, young man will be seen in public unaccompanied by a stern chaperon—and all the evils so lamented by bishops and other social reformers will fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away. This is the true solution of the problem. We have only to get it into our heads that it is our young men, not our maidens, who need safeguarding, that our young women are amply capable of looking after themselves, and take measures accordingly. It is possible that chaperonage may have to be extended to include men of mature years, but what of that? It is, after all, a small price to pay for the preservation of male innocence.

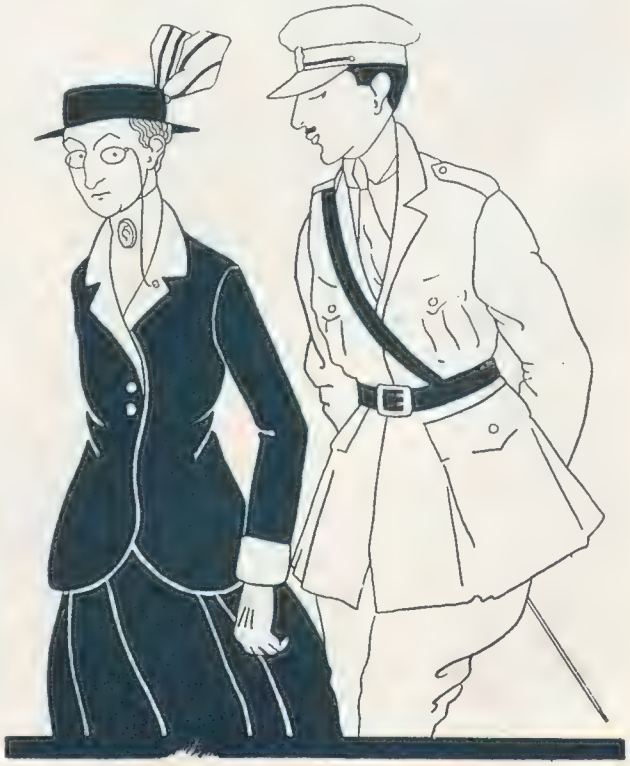
EFEMERA

ENVOI

The girl of to-day
Never blushes, they say,
Tho' she's sweet, she's no longer a shy girl;
And she soon lets you see
That she means to be free,
So I shouldn't much like her for *my* girl!

From the same point of view
The young man has changed too,
And become unaccountably modest;
So we see, nowadays,
As "Efemera" says,
Topsy-turvydom quite at its oddest!

F. R. B.



"No really young man will be seen in public unaccompanied by a stern chaperon"

Inopportune

"What will you do in the great war, daddy?"

BELLICOSITIES

THE All-Highest, it seems, has become visibly thinner as the result of his four meatless days a week. His shadow may be expected to grow still less as the war goes on, and the German times become still more "out of joint."

❋

TOO much attention need not be paid, however, to the report that the Crown Prince is also losing flesh. It must be remembered that he was always a bit of a waster.

❋

POOR old von Kluck, though appointed nominal chief of a new regiment on his retirement, must be truly thankful that he will not be called upon to lead his 6th Pomeranians against the "boys of the bulldog breed," who gave him such a dog's life when he tried to get to Paris.

❋

AN uninterned alien enemy, on reading a recent speech by our late Ambassador to the U.S.A., is said to have exclaimed triumphantly: "Ach! Here at least is von of your leading stadesmen who shows he vould haf beace at any Bryce!"

❋

FOREIGN visitors to London are asking where they can find "the Scotland Yard gaol, the most horrible prison in England," as lately described by a veracious contributor to a Hun journal. We can only advise them to look for it somewhere in the neighbourhood of the ruins of Regent Street.

❋

Crede the *Daily Mail*, the Middlesex Education Committee is actually offering holiday exhibitions for teachers to travel in Germany next year! Unless there is some mistake, the Committee seems sadly in need of a little education on its own account.

A DOCTOR on the Western Front has been expressing his astonishment at the number of our Tommies who may be seen lighting cigarettes as they advance into action. But the men who take this stoical pleasure in the smoke of battle will be none the less glad, when the time comes, to enjoy the pipe of peace.

❋

MR. MCKENNA says that if we had not known that £2,000,000 was found daily for the United States we should have regarded it as impossible. True! Why, when we were first told that the war would last three years we thought it quite impossible, but they manage it yet.

❋

IN Australia, we are told, judges, magistrates, clergymen, and M.P.'s have to report under the Service Act. Evidently at the Antipodes youth will be served. At home, happily, all our judges and magistrates, most of our M.P.'s, and many of our clergy are quite unfit.

A WELCOME TEXT

PEACEMAKER (to wounded but warlike Tommy): "The good Book, my friend, tells us to heap coals of fire on our enemy's head"

TOMMY: "Well, guv'nor, you find the coals; we'll darn soon 'eap 'em on 'is 'ead"

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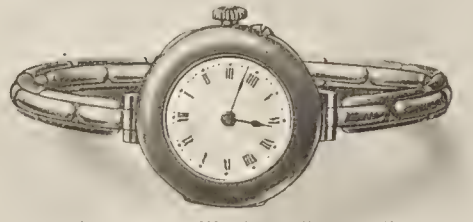

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SPORT and the WAR

CUB-HUNTING WITH THE SOUTH BERKS HOUNDS

At the head of the pack is the famous sporting artist, Mr. Cecil Aldin, joint Master and huntsman, who lost his only son in the war last May

The English Love of Pastimes

Before the war one occasionally heard it declared that the people of this tight little island devoted far too much time and attention to sports and pastimes. That the love of games and vigorous open-air sporting pursuits had become increasingly popular will not be disputed. An unmistakable sign of the times was the remarkable amount of space which the Press devoted to sport in the few years preceding the war. The daily papers present a totally different aspect now, but everyone will remember the columns which were formerly occupied by football and cricket reports, by reviews and anticipations of racing, and by descriptions of golf and lawn tennis tournaments. Writers on boxing were given full liberty to spread themselves. Even hunting, which a dozen years before had been almost ignored in the daily Press, had its column or more each day in the leading journals, while polo—a pastime but little known to the average man—was also fully reported.

The Sporting Spirit

We are now in sterner times, and the directors of the English Press, with graver matters to occupy their diminished space, are keeping sport on the dark side. No doubt their policy is judicious, but you must not suppose that the comparative absence of sporting matter in the papers is a token that public interest in sporting affairs is dead. It is merely dormant. In proper time, I dare say, sport will resume to a large extent its old place in our lives. And who shall say that that will be wrong? Any idea that the devotion to sports was harmful to the manhood of this country has been effectually dispelled by the magnificent record of our hastily organised millions in the war. The sporting spirit deeply imbued in the nation has served the country well in its hour of need. There is abundant evidence of the fact that the good sportsman usually makes a good soldier—in short, the noble part taken in the war by those who in peace time were enthusiastic followers of one or more branches of sport is a matter for national satisfaction.

Hunting and Its Critics

Foxhunting was the subject of a good deal of ill-natured criticism in the old days. "Idle people who gallop about over other people's land," was a description once applied to followers to hounds by one who had not the slightest sympathy with the Chase. Yet can you name a section of the community with a better record in the war than hunting people? You will recall that on the mobilisation of the British forces the bulk of the horses, some 170,000 in all, were gathered from the hunting-field. Could the urgent demand have been supplied so suddenly if the hunting reserve had not been happily available? Apart, too, from the important question of horses, hunting men have been prominent in every branch of the service. Exceedingly few foxhunters of eligible age or health hung back.

New Season Begins

On Wednesday of the present week the third hunting season in the war formally opens. A great many packs are being hunted by deputy, their regular Masters being on military service. In some cases the M.F.H.'s wives are managing affairs in their absence, in other instances the Hunt Committees are carrying on as best they can. Everywhere, however, there is a determination to keep the sport alive until the soldiers come home. One lady Master tells me that she regards the heavy task of keeping her Hunt going as war-work of real importance. One Master of a famous pack, though by no means a wealthy man, is spending money cheerfully in keeping his pack together, regarding it patriotically as an expenditure incurred in the national interest.

An M.F.H.'s Letter

Let me quote a letter I have received from a friend who hunts an important country. He personally has seen very little hunting since the war began owing to military duties. His only son has been killed. The letter is interesting as throwing a light on the general foxhunting situation. "I intend keeping the few young hounds I have entered," he

(*Continued on page 224*)

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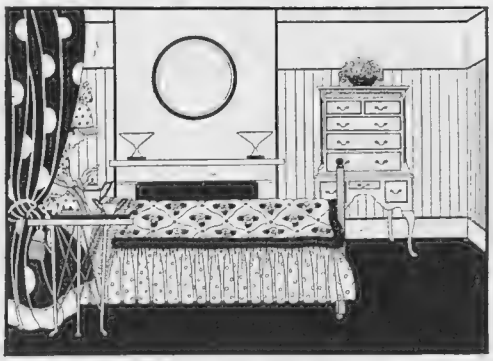

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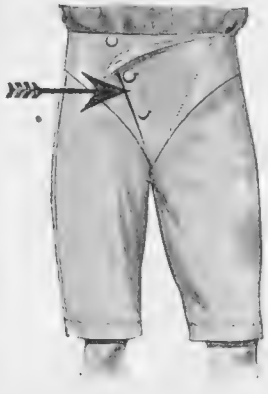

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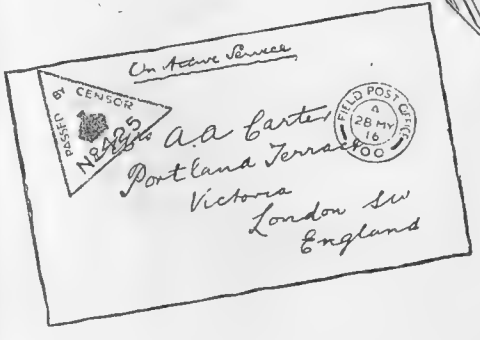

Extract from a letter from the firing line:—

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Some Sporting Heroes

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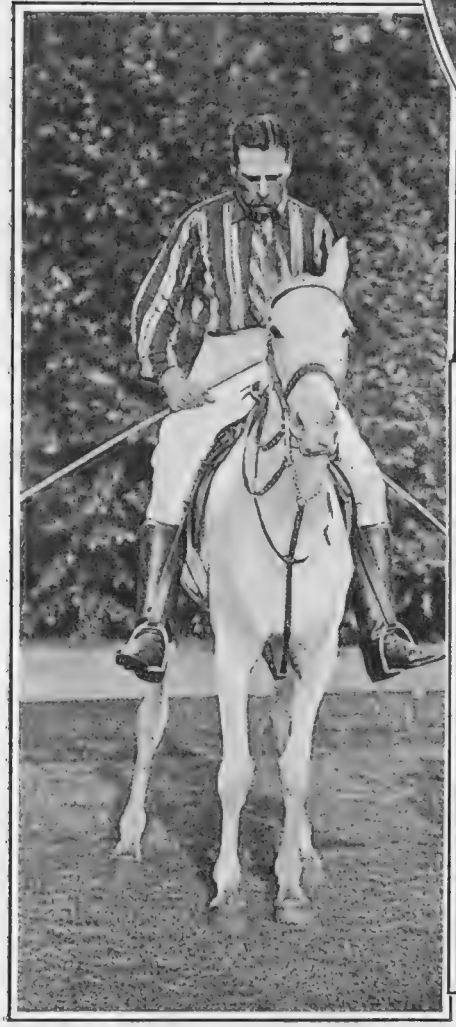
For brilliant work in command of an armoured car squadron in North Africa

MAJOR GEORGE PAYNTER, D.S.O.
More than once wounded, this splendid steeplechase rider has won high honours in the fighting line

LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER, D.S.O.
This fine polo player and rider to hounds gained his D.S.O. for heroic work early in the war



GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
This portrait of the British Commander-in-Chief is a reminiscence of his polo-playing days, when he helped his regiment to win the Army Championship

LIEUT.-COL. I. W. BURNS-LINDOW, D.S.O.
The Master of the South Union Foxhounds in Ireland, he has done fine work at the Front with the South Irish Horse, which he commands

MAJOR C. B. HORNBY, D.S.O.
One of the best polo players in the Dragoon Guards and a keen hunting man, he has gained honours for conspicuous gallantry

Photographs by Sport and General and Rouch

SPORT AND THE WAR (continued from page 250)

writes, " and we shall do our best to carry on. Last season I had to turn my kennelman into whipper-in, now he has been called up, and the man I got to do kennel work will act as whip. He is, of course, ineligible. We greatly reduced the stock of foxes last season, and this year we intend keeping the supply well below normal. My sole object is to keep the country until the end of the war, as until that happy day arrives I do not see how any of us can make plans. We hunting folk have given of our best in the shape of our sons. We willingly gave our horses. We have given our men. All mine went long before they were called, freely and willingly. And when you come to masters and men over military age, we, too, are doing our share in any capacity in which we can be of service."

The "Finest Tonic"

A member of the Newmarket and Thurlow Hunt writes to the hon. secretary to say that although he has one foot blown off he hopes to hunt before Christmas That wants beating as an example of keenness. Nothing shows more clearly the attachment of soldier foxhunters to the sport than their eagerness in seizing an opportunity of putting in a day or two with the hounds. Last winter I knew of many cases of officers home on short leave who spent a considerable proportion of their precious hours in the saddle, renewing for a brief spell their chances of a good gallop across country and delighting in the music of hounds and horn, so different from the sinister sounds of war. " A bit of hunting is the finest tonic you can give us when we get home," said a soldier last season, " and when we get back to the front we have to tell the others all about it. They enjoy hearing about the hounds next to being with them." In the season now beginning khaki will predominate in the masculine section of the fields.

LORD DECIES, D.S.O.

This notable soldier-sportsman, who fought in South Africa and Somaliland (where he won his D.S.O.), is the owner of that smart horse Ballaghtobin

Two Noted Sportsmen

In Leicestershire they are proud of the great name Sir David Beatty has made. I have occasionally seen this gallant sailor play polo at Roehampton. If he could have devoted more time to the game he would have made a good player. He showed any amount of dash, and handled his ponies well. With the Quorn he used to hold his own with the first flighters. Being a small man he always rode small blood horses, and he was rarely far from the front rank. Sometimes he jumped perhaps a little too near hounds, but no one rode much better or more pluckily. " Dash and drive " were his characteristics in the hunting-field. Has he not displayed the same features in his brilliant naval work? About Sir Douglas Haig's sporting career I could also write at length. A good rider to hounds, he perhaps excelled at polo. I have a vivid recollection of the great soldier leading his team victoriously in the Inter-Regimental Tournament, though in those days none could have imagined that the dashing colonel of Lancers would in a comparatively few years become the trusted chief of the mighty army now under his direction in France.

Small Hunt Staffs

The War Office has officially recognised the importance of the continuance of foxhunting, but the majority of Hunts are being kept going on the smallest of staffs, composed for the most part of " ineligibles." This accounts largely for the reduction in the number of hunting days, and in most countries it has been found possible to limit the supply of foxes so that they shall not become a serious nuisance to the farmers and poultry-breeders. " There seem to be plenty of foxes," writes the Master of a Midland pack, " but not too many—a state of affairs which, as Master, I consider very satisfactory. Our farmers and poultry-keepers have been most moderate in their claims for compensation, and have been most helpful and cordial towards the Hunt in every way." I find that gratitude to the farmers is warmly acknowledged throughout the Hunts. Heavy losses at the front have naturally been incurred by the hunting community. Among the most recent was the death of Lord Feversham, who will be sadly missed in hunting and horse-breeding circles. As Master of the Sinnington Hounds, this popular sportsman and politician did a great deal for hunting in the North Riding, while his work on the councils of various horse-breeding and agricultural societies was invaluable.

"Carrying On"

I think that hardly so many sportswomen were seen out with hounds last season as in the first year of the war, this doubtless being due to the increase of Red Cross work and other duties connected with the war. Lady Portal continues to be the Master of the Vine Hounds, in Hampshire, but it is doubtful whether she will be able to hunt with the pack very often, as she has two hospitals to occupy most of her time. Mrs. and Miss Inge have arranged to carry on the Atherstone Hunt. In the Essex and Suffolk country Miss Baghurst Fisher is acting as assistant hon. secretary and collecting subscriptions, in which work she met with much success last season. Lady Lowther will again be the deputy-Master of the Pytchley during Major Sir Charles Lowther's absence at the front, while Mrs. Clemson, whose husband was killed in Gallipoli, has consented, at the united request of the farmers and members, to act as joint Master of the Stevenstone pack. There are many more lady deputy masters.

Racing in the Third Year

The third year of the war finds racing rather buffeted and badgered, but still showing plenty of vitality. From the early days of the great

(*Continued on page 256*)

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SPORT AND THE WAR (concluded from page 254)

conflict there was much discussion as to whether racing should or should not be continued during the war. Some of the anti-sport brigade declared that it ought to be suspended altogether, but they had no sensible suggestions to offer when they were asked how the breeding of the best light horses in the world—no small asset in England and Ireland—was to be kept up in the absence of all racing. As Mr. Walter Runciman has recently pointed out, the House of Commons had undoubted misgivings on the question of the continuance of racing during the war, and this feeling found expression on several occasions. For a time the future looked black for the Turf, but, fortunately, the Government perceived the necessity of keeping racing alive in order to maintain the horse-breeding industry in this country, and so we have been allowed to race upon a very restricted scale. Railway facilities for the purpose of meetings—except at Newmarket—have been rigidly withheld. The shortage of petrol has been another source of trouble.

Difficulties Survived

Yet, in spite of all, racing has managed to survive its difficulties. Less than half the normal number of horses in training are now in the various stables, but owners, as a rule, have been extremely loyal in their support, and I think that racing will safely weather the storm. According to the judgment of Sir William Robertson, which everyone must hold in the highest respect, we have advanced from the beginning stage of the war and are now in the middle stage. If the war lasts as long again as it has already done such branches of sport as racing and hunting, which are largely dependent upon the support of wealthy people, will have further grave difficulties ahead, but it is a good sign that several new rich men, whose fortunes have been by no means damaged by the war, are coming on to the Turf and giving good prices for yearlings. We are to have one meeting each week under National Hunt Rules during the winter season; while a restricted programme of flat-racing is being arranged for next year.

Hopeful Outlook

Racing people are making the best of limited facilities, and I think Lord Jersey voiced a widely held opinion when he predicted recently that when happier days returned racing would again flourish as a national institution under Jockey Club Rules in the same way as it has done in the past. That public interest has not declined in racing was shown by the very large attendance at the Cesarewitch a fortnight ago. At a time when conscription reigns and munition works are closely organised, it was remarkable that so many people should assemble to see the historic long-distance handicap. It indicated plainly enough that the widespread keenness for racing is sufficient in this country to survive the great crisis of the war. Many of the Newmarket visitors were in khaki. What I have written earlier in this article regarding soldiers on leave being anxious to get a day's hunting would seem to apply to racing as well, for a considerable proportion of the soldiers who saw Sanctum win the Cesarewitch had done duty more or less recently in one of the theatres of war.

ARTHUR W COATEN

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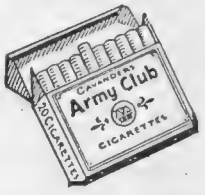

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whilst another has expressed his appreciation in the sketch here reproduced.

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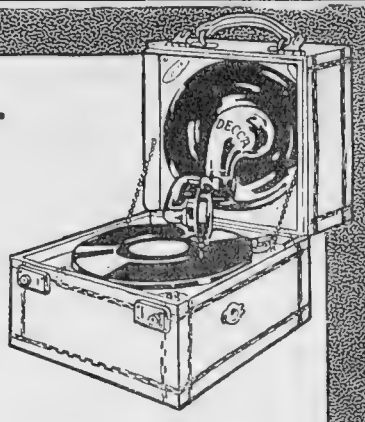
59/6

Mirth-Maker in Chief to the Army and Navy



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Probably there is no more thorough blood purifier, antiseptic and curative agent than common sulphur. Whether the fumes are used in a sick room as a germicide, or whether the pure salts of sulphur are taken internally as a liver stimulant, system-cleanser, blood purifier, and complexion clearing agent, sulphur is always the implacable foe of *any* impurities or disease germs. Both simply cannot exist in the same room or in the same body at the same time. Our grandmothers knew what they were about when in spring time they dosed us as children with sulphur (brimstone) mixed with treacle to help it down. A few weeks ago I was afflicted with about the worst imaginable complication of skin diseases. There was hardly space for any more sores or rashes, and the intolerable itching and burning caused totally sleepless nights. After vainly trying numerous prescriptions, also advertised ointments and other remedies, I was prevailed upon by a friend to reach my disorders *through the blood* by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Kalsel compound in water every other morning, this being a common formula consisting of refined sulphur and certain other natural curative salts, which any chemist can supply at very slight cost or easily obtain from his wholesale dealer. Be sure to get the pure refined Kalsel, which is very pleasant to take, and of course perfectly harmless. After using it only ten days the skin of my face and body was as clear, soft and beautiful as a healthy baby's. I have since known others to use it in severe cases of eczema, acne, urticaria, nettle rash, psoriasis, scaly skin, pimples, blackheads, etc., and invariably with wonderfully successful results. I think the Kalsel compound deserves to be better known.—H. L. N.

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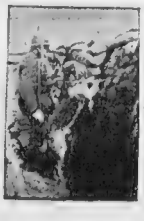

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SENTRY DOGS, as supplied Army, from 5 gns.

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BLOODHOUNDS,

ABERDEEN (SCOTCH), FOX (Smooth and wire), IRISH, 5 gns.; pups, 3 gns.

GROVE END, HARROW. *Tel.* 427.

WOE TO THE WOUNDED!

BY THOMAS

I GRADUALLY awoke to the fact that someone was leaning over my bed. It was the sister, come, no doubt, with my tea.

"Hullo, sister! More food?" I yawned.

"No, a visitor to see you."

"Oh! H——!" I just stopped myself in time as a form entered the room, and changed the exclamation into a polite "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" replied the visitor, a thin angular woman of some fifty summers, with large spectacles and protruding teeth, "Captain Browne, is it not?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"My great friend, Mrs. Mason, heard that you were in hospital here, and asked me to come in and cheer you up."

I shuddered, but managed to express my delight in a way that would have done credit to Ananias. I should have been glad to know who Mrs. Mason was, but thought perhaps I ought to know.

"Eh! Please speak a little louder," said my self-appointed cheerer-up, "I am very deaf."

She was.

I nobly repeated the lie. There was a moment's silence. Then she resumed the offensive.

"And where are you wounded, Captain Browne?"

"In the thigh."

"Oh, dear me! I am sorry to hear that. A doctor was telling me the other day that thigh wounds are generally fatal; but don't you worry, perhaps you will prove the exception to the rule."

I was beginning to feel really cheery.

"I suppose you suffer much pain, do you not?" continued my tormentor, and she seemed rather affronted when I confessed that my wound was singularly free from pain. I added that it might become more sensitive again as it healed, and her face once more took on its expression of gratified gloom.

The conversation lagged, and when conversation lags this type of visitor ("she" was not the first I had endured) always asks the same question. Sure enough it came.

"When do you think the war will end?"

I was ready with the answer. I know it off by heart now. It is rather lengthy, but boiled down it is to the effect that if it was not prolonged into 1917 the war would most certainly be finished by December 31.

"Do you really think so?" said she. "How very interesting. My nephew declares that it is almost certain that peace will be declared on November 17. And as he has been in the thick of all the fighting he should know."

Here was a subject for conversation. In what regiment had this nephew seen such strenuous times? And so: "Oh! What is he in?" I ventured.

"George is in the A.S.C.," came the reply.

For a few seconds I could not think what to say. There seemed nothing to say, so final was the reply.

"It is a fine body, is it not?" she continued, looking at me suspiciously over her glasses.

"Yes, indeed," I replied. "In fact next war I am going to try for a job in it, M.T. for preference; that is, unless I can see some way of joining the 'Army Pay Department.'"

"She" thought this very interesting, and announced her intention of letting George know.

Her next question also lacked originality.

"Don't you get very tired of bed?"

(Continued on page 260)

ANOTHER LOOP-LOOPER

Mr. Balfour philosophically doubting whether g If is permissible in war-time

(All rights strictly reserved)

WOE TO THE WOUNDED! (*concluded from page 259*)

"Very."

"But you must get a good deal of health-restoring sleep?"

"Yes," said I, thinking of the people who wake me up at 3 a.m. to dress my leg, at 4 a.m. to make my bed, at 5 a.m. to wash me, and at 6 a.m. to take my temperature; "it is a far better rest than I have ever known before."

"She" became quite animated. "Where have I heard that sentence? Oh, is it not when dear Martin Harvey mounts the platform to the guillotine?"

I thought a moment; where had I heard it before? It suddenly came back to me.

'Well, the last time I heard it," I replied, "was when one of our officers was informed that he had been given a staff job."

"How very curious! I wonder why he said that, because they have to work so hard on the staff, don't they? Why, Mrs. Mason's son is a camp commandant, and has just been given the Military Cross for hard work. He is a cousin of the Divisional Commander, you know."

Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, R.N.R., M.P. Whose name has lately figured in two widely different rôles. The former is that of Commander of the British armoured car section, which has done such splendid work with the Russian armies; the second as the plaintiff in the famous action against the Marconi Company, in which he was a shareholder. This action was settled out of court last week, in circumstances that have elicited a good deal of comment in the financial Press

I didn't, but it seemed quite likely.

Out in the passage came the sound of a tin bowl struck against something hard. They were probably washing the floor. However, it gave a loophole for release.

"I'm afraid that's the water for me to wash in coming along," I lied.

"Oh! Then I must be going." She rose and extended her hand. "Good-bye; I will come again soon, and hope to be able to stay longer. You are looking so much more cheerful than when I came! Good-bye." And the door closed behind her. I lay and groaned.

This morning there came a letter in a strange hand. It started: "Dear Captain Browne—Since I left you yesterday I have discovered that it was a Captain Brown, without an 'e,' whom my friend, Mrs. Mason, asked me to visit. It was——."

It was quite enough for me. I had escaped. I am wondering now how I can manage to warn Brown of the fate awaiting him. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!

THOMAS

INEXPENSIVE CRÊPE DE CHINE NIGHTDRESS

Entirely handmade by our own workers in good quality Crêpe de Chine. Our own exclusive design, well cut and trimmed with lace insertion.

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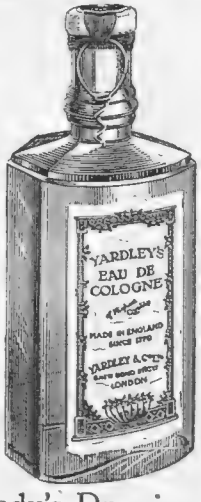

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Racing: The Cambridgeshire

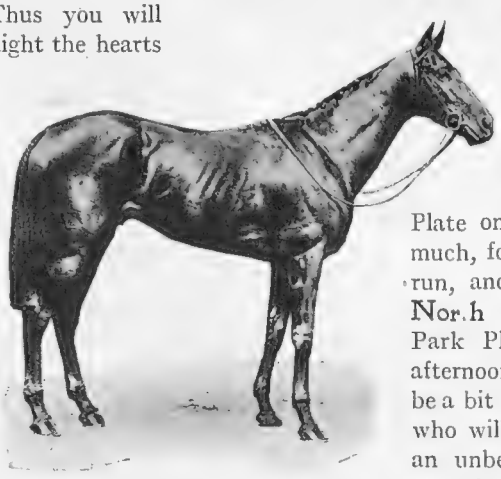
BY "CAREINE"

The Chief Handicap of the Season

Of all the handicaps of the season the Cambridgeshire always impresses me as representing the best class. Favouritism rests at the time of writing with Lord Decies's handsome four-year-old Ballaghtobin, who last season won the Irish Derby and recently ran a good public trial at Newmarket. Others who have been well backed are Aerschot, Lanius, Julian, Gay Lally, and Cerval. There are also tips going for Cornsheaf, who beat all but the winner in the Cesarewitch, as well as for Sir Eager and Chapel Brampton, who are both well handicapped. Thus you will perceive that the situation is one to delight the hearts of the bookmakers, whose attitude towards fancied horses in a race of this kind is "the more the merrier."

Ballaghtobin's Chance

I am scarcely so confident that Ballaghtobin will win this event as I was when recommending you to get on to Sanctum for the Cesarewitch. Still, my opinion is that the Irish horse holds a great chance of success. Nothing could have been smoother than the style in which he scored a fortnight ago. Of course, he meets a much better lot of antagonists this week, but his weight is not so big, and he gave me the impression of being likely to improve in the interval. Lanius will carry top weight, but at the same time is by no means badly treated. The Whatcombe stable, which won this race with Silver Tag last year, now hopes to repeat that success with Julian. My selection, however, must be **Ballaghtobin**, and if you want a longer shot for win and place you might do worse than take GAY LALLY.



Photograph *Rouch*

LORD DECIE'S BALLAGHTOBIN

This horse has been a good favourite for the Cambridgeshire since he won a race at Newmarket a fortnight ago

Last Meeting on the Flat

This is the last flat-racing fixture of this much-restricted season in England. Unfortunately the two-year-old form closes in a bit of a tangle. The official handicapper has just pronounced Knutsford to be the best of his age, but this is an individual opinion which will not be unanimously endorsed. I am afraid the Dewhurst Plate on Thursday will not help us much, for Knutsford is not likely to run, and in his absence I expect **North Star** to repeat his Middle Park Plate success. On the same afternoon the Jockey Club Cup will be a bit of a walk-over for Hurry On, who will thus finish the season with an unbeaten record and the well-earned reputation of being the best three-year-old colt in training. On the last day **Arius** is my selection for the Durham Stakes.

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"PYTCHLEY"
Yellow Cape ... 7/6
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You Simply Add Water.

2d Soups

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The Cap is of Felt or Silk, bound with Crêpe and finished with Veil of Crêpe Georgette and French Crêpe £4 4 0
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Sold by all Chemists, 2/9 a box

Books of the Week

ARNOLD BENNETT'S LATEST

Mr. Bennett's Latest

THE FiveTowns have been deserted for Essex and yachts and Paris, and, incidentally, the Suffragettes, who, as the ancient periodicals will inform you, flourished in Great Britain *circa* 1910-1914. But in these new worlds Mr. Arnold Bennett proves himself to be just as well seasoned a traveller as he was in the environs of his beloved Potteries. *The Lion's Share* (Cassell: 5*s.* net) is, indeed, a delightful book. Audrey More, its young person, who pretends to be a widow and during her travels gets to know the best-known and most "dangerous" Suffragettes, never actually becomes one herself, although she enjoys all the excitements which the movement provides, and occasionally breaks the law. In point of fact, she is far too keen on having a good time to become the "martyr" that the great Rosamund wants her to be. With plenty of money, a multitude of friends, including the unforgettable Miss Ingate, and various lordly motor-cars, she succeeds in having the lion's share of everything, and you are invariably pleased with her for obtaining it.

Light-Hearted Frolics

Now, for one moment you might suppose that all those prehistoric encounters between Suffragettes and policemen (or Cabinet Ministers) could not be of much interest to novel-readers of to-day; but Mr. Bennett, as you ought to know by this time, can interest you in anything he cares to write about. Moreover, apart from the fact that after the war the Suffragette is likely to be reborn, there is a modern touch in the arrogant and ridiculous Herr Zeigler, who, as you are pleased to read, has his beer splashed over him by Musa, the French violinist to whom Audrey is so strongly attracted. There is plenty of light-hearted frolic in this book, and of all Mr. Bennett's heroines it is possible that Audrey More will be the most popular.

A Detective Story

Mr. Arnold Fredericks's *The Ivory Snuff-Box* (Simpkin: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) is a good old-fashioned detective story. The snuff-box belongs to the French Ambassador in London, and it is stolen for a rascally German doctor in Brussels. You would not imagine that a mere snuff-box could be of such importance as to set the whole of the French secret police to work on its recovery, but the Ambassador's box is a very peculiar box indeed. The chief detective and his wife have the greatest possible difficulty in recovering it; in fact, you have made up your mind that they have failed—before you reach the last chapter. But failure is not to be thought of in this kind of book, and the honour of France is saved. Quite an interesting story with less extraordinary coincidences about it than are to be found in most books of its kind.

R. S.

20,000 DOCTORS
Recommend
PLASMON SCOTCH OATS
BECAUSE
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THESE BRACELETS ARE FITTED WITH A NEW GOLD CLIP FASTENING ADJUSTABLE TO ANY WRIST.

In Java

the climate is so hot and enervating that meat foods are unpalatable unless curried or served with Lea & Perrins' Sauce.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce gives an agreeable and appetizing flavour to the plainest fare, and ensures enjoyable meals at all times. It is very *economical* in use.

Observe the signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

in white across the red label on every bottle.

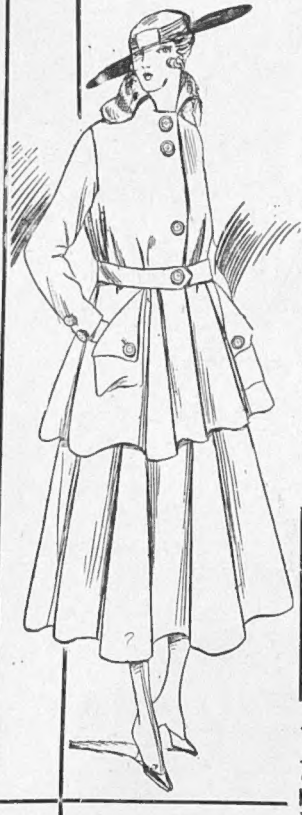
E. 286.—Charming copy of Mary and Anne Model, in soft pleated Velvet, finished at side with Cabachon of gold and fur. Price 2½ Gns.

In best quality Velvet, 59/6

WOOLLANDS

Millinery Models

KNIGHTSBRIDGE · LONDON · S.W.



BOTTLE GREEN VELOUR SUITS

QUIET, unobtrusive shades of wool velour are now particularly fashionable, both for suits and street coats. Wine, mole, and especially bottle green are most in demand. Indeed so much so that bottle green velour is now almost unobtainable.

Tailor Suit, in very fine quality soft finished wool velour. Coat cut on full, practical lines, becomingly held in at waist by belt. Large collar of natural grey opossum fur. Full, plain, well-cut skirt. In black, navy, mole, wine, and bottle green.

Price 6½ Gns.

LAST WEEK OF SALE OF HINDLEYS STOCK OF

Antique and Modern Furniture, Brocades, Damasks, Velvets, Cretonnes, Lace Curtains, Rugs, Carpets, etc. Also many exceptional bargains in Hindleys Old World Chintzes

Catalogue Post Free.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET

LONDON-W

Ladies' Raincoats Cleaned & Reproofed

For 6s. we will clean and reproof any make of Raincoat. The hard wear to which Raincoats are subjected causes the proofing of all rubberless raincoats to let the wet through in time, but our "reproofing" process (which has been found reliable under the most stringent tests) makes them like new again. Our process also includes the removal of all spots, stains and creases.

Send your coats with P.O. for 6/- and we will pay return carriage. Or write for address of nearest Branch which will collect your order and save all carriage.

Faincoats Cleaned and Reproofed for 6s.

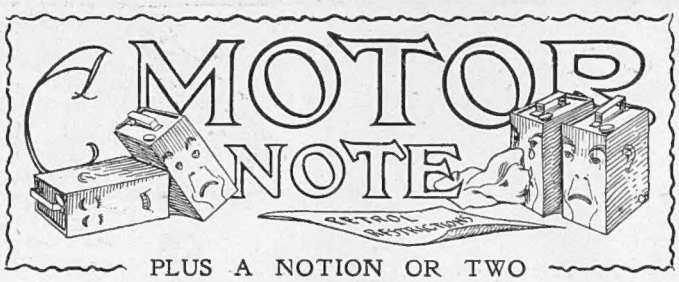
D158

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office:

Hackney Wick, London

Branches and Agencies everywhere.



PLUS A NOTION OR TWO

Touching Magnetos

THERE is an article in the *Commercial Motor* upon the magneto situation, the magneto situation being, I suppose, one of the most obvious as well as one of the most striking of any revealed or emphasised by the war. It has its counterpart in many other commercial connections and excellently illustrates our fatal facility for *not* getting there first. We are asked, of course, to believe that the fiscal system of this free-trade-blighted country was a prime factor in the slaughter of the baby magneto industry. We are always asked to swallow that sort of explanation when Germany, or Iceland, or the Solomons succeed in getting there first with an industry we could have exploited ourselves had we been sufficiently alive to the requirements of the case, sufficiently foresighted, sufficiently appreciative of the potentialities, and sufficiently energetic and courageous.

* *
*

After the War

WE have to face the cold fact that, so far as magnetos were concerned, we were none of these; and the war found us stranded because Germany virtually controlled the entire supply immediately available to the British market. By comparison with the demand, the supply was nil. Yet we could make as good a magneto, and we could have supplied it at competitive prices. We did not; and it's useless to blame the Government. The Government has sins enough to purge without being damned for the responsibilities of others. Now it appears, and the news is good hearing, we are well away with our own magneto industry, and have, to some extent, bettered the Bosch. So there you have another possibility of good being a product of the war. Achievement, any achievement, is dearly bought at the price of a war of the present dimensions; but we are paying in full. It is up to us to keep what we've bought. If at the end of the war we cannot hold the Bosch for all the extent of his world-plant, the war will have, in this respect, been fought in vain.

* *
*

Woeful Waste

GEORGE ALLEN and UNWIN have published in colour (5*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.*) a real genealogical tree of coal products. It is the most exciting example of waste that has ever been presented to us, and in the form published represents an indictment of official negligence which should send the War Savings Committee in sorrow to the pillory—if the War Savings Committee happened to know anything about material economies, which seems doubtful. The direct and indirect derivatives of the primal coal make a tree of noble proportions, thickly branched and twigged; so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, can see with half an eye how much of value goes up his chimney every ton of coal he burns. That is a chart well worth the getting.

* *
*

Knocks

JUST been perusing an article on "knocks." These generally precede a personal condition expressed by *hoi polloi* in the same word. "Knocks" are never in request, and are mainly a product of ignorance of the engine's construction and functions, or of indifference to the essentials of running efficiency. The ideal is the engine that cannot be deranged; but no machine has yet been invented, nor is likely to be invented, which can entirely manage to give its best all the time without fairly constant attention by one who knows something of its requirements and how best to satisfy them. Therefore it is up to you to know all you feel like knowing about your car and to make sure you are in touch with somebody who can make good any deficiency in your equipment of knowledge. But, bless us! there is really very little to learn

(*Continued on page 258*)

The Supremacy of the SUNBEAM

has been proved not only by the exploits of Sunbeam cars in and out of the war zone, but also by the achievements of

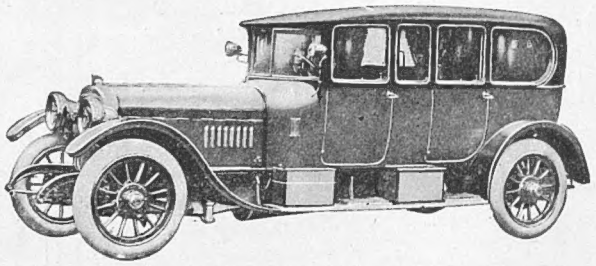
SUNBEAM COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Sunbeam productions, both as regards cars and aircraft engines, have gained the greatest of all records—that of unfailing good service under the abnormal conditions reigning in the area of hostilities. Bear this in mind when you select your post-war car.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd.,
Head Office and Works ... Wolverhampton
Manchester Showrooms ... 112, Deansgate

London and District Agents for Cars.
J Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond Street, W.

Dunlop tyres are fitted as standard to Sunbeam cars



6-CYLINDER SUNBEAM SALOON CARRIAGE.

DUNLOP PHILOSOPHY

(5)

Necessity, being the mother of invention, produced the Dunlop tyre. With the assistance of her off-spring, necessity next produced the motor car. Does not motoring then become a necessity, by direct descent?

Daimler

A Distinction and a Difference

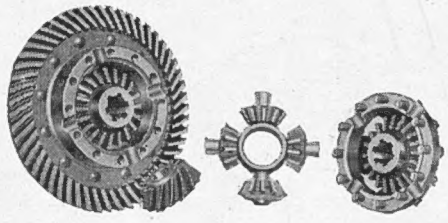
ONCE you have driven a Daimler you are not likely to buy any other car.

There is a difference, which can only be appreciated through actual experience, due to the distinction of the Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine—and the superb quality of the Chassis.

A big Daimler handles as easily as the smallest runabout, and is responsive to the most delicate control.

The Daimler Company Ltd.
COVENTRY.

London Showrooms: 27, Pall Mall, S.W.
HIRE DEPT. { Store Street, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.C.



Quality in Details.

THE teeth of the Buick rear axle never "slap" each other, and cause that "hum" so often heard from the rear axles of other cars. With the Buick Helical-cut gears several teeth are always in contact, and the load pressure is taken on each tooth gradually, not with a sudden jar or shock. These gears are therefore of longer life, and eliminate rear axle noises.

Helical-cut gears have the efficiency of the Bevel with the silence of the Worm, and it is for these reasons that Helical-cut Gears are used in the rear axle of Buick Six-Cylinder Cars.

Owing to our organization being largely engaged on War Service the output of Buick Cars is at present restricted.

Buick VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

General Motors (Europe), Limited, 136 Long Acre, W.C.

Almost unbelievable!

The effect of Lutetian Cream on brown boots is almost unbelievable; you need to see it for yourself. Lutetian gives to brown boots a polish which no substitute can equal in brilliance. Leather treated regularly with "Lutetian" becomes soft and pliable, impervious to dryness or damp. It adds months to the life of the boots. Test Lutetian Cream on any *brown* leather—boots, belts, straps, leggings, etc., and judge it on its merits. Sold in three shades.

Lutetian Cream

IMPROVES ALL BROWN LEATHERS

Use Meltonian Cream exclusively for Black footwear. "Meltonian" is equal in results to "Lutetian," and may be had in either Cream or Paste.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send a post-card for name of nearest retailer to—

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick St., London, W.C.

MOTORING (concluded from page 266)

nowadays in order to ensure running efficiency. It mainly consists in keeping things well oiled and clean; and in the exercise of the same common sense you have to bring to any other problem in your business and private life. When you get something in the nature of a "knock" that sounds serious, and you cannot locate the cause, or have not sufficient information to handle it, common sense suggests you should get hold of the next man who does understand. If he has an M.T.A. sign in his window he may be all right for service and economy of charge. If he is not, report the case.

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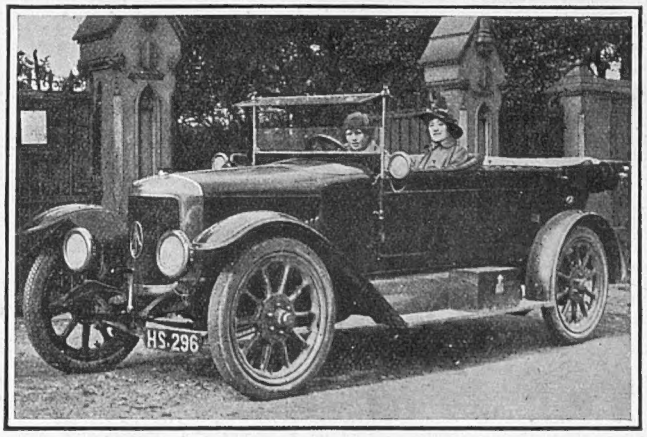
A.A. Patrol Work

WHAT'S the good of A.A. patrols—such few as the war has left or sent back to us (in both cases physically unfit; not an eligible amongst them, nor has there been since August, 1914)? Let's see if they are any good. Attend ye to the latest according to Fanum. At 4.15 p.m. a car drops a dress basket and cardboard box unawares. Careless owner. Hard by is (at Eltham) an A.A. telephone box. Enter patrol. Sees something on road being picked up by somebody. Patrol takes possession. Discovers name Lady Waterlow on box. 'Phones headquarters. Headquarters 'phone town house of Lady Waterlow. Learns her ladyship left for Wrotham 3 p.m. 'Phones Wrotham. Perturbation at Wrotham concerning lost packages. Wrotham switched through to A.A. patrol telephone-box, and instructions given for disposal. Total, one hour from time packages fell off car. *Now* who says the A.A. patrol is no use?



THE ANTE-WAR A.J.

The last model built by the Arrol-Johnston Company before war and its exigencies switched the firm on to munitions. Miss Chilton, of Oldham, is driving

***

In Little

MORE sport—in Cape Colony. The Eastern Provinces A.A. held a hill-climb for owner-drivers, which a three-year-old Talbot won on formulæ.—The ever-virile Dunlop continues to give birth to accessories of usefulness. Particulars of three such are to hand—a cement for repairing cuts in covers, a particularly neat and effective foot-pump for the inflation of tubes, and a wheel alignment gauge for the garage, which looks to be one of the best in that category I have seen. Dunlop, Birmingham, for full details.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Motorists! Increase the efficiency of your Electric Lighting and Starting by using a C.A.V. ACCUMULATOR. A British Battery for every purpose, and each one the best in its range.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING.—Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburettor fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol).—For particulars apply to SPENSERS, Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., W

"WHO loses his temper is in the wrong." If he loses it motoring, ten to one it is because of the absence of Warland Dual (quick-tyre-change) Rims. (For the purposes of this advertisement the masculine embraces the feminine.) No levers or labour with

WARLAND DUAL RIMS.
Write: ASTON, BIRMINGHAM;
111, Gt. Portland Street, London.

In the piping times of peace we made Hunting Kit for Officers.

Now we make

WAR KIT

for Officers who require the smartest and the best.

Self-measurement Forms for men at the Front.

ALLPORTS

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21 & 23, Colmore Row, Birmingham.

Telegrams: "Hunting, Birmingham." 'Phone: Central 1143.